

::::::::::
Too Early
::::::::::

(Farrar)

Transcribed by John Erlinger (tardis@tetranet.net)

This tune is played on dobro. If you don't have one lying 'round the house, put the guitar on your LAP, with a slide ABOVE the strings. A trick you can use to reduce the "slinkiness" of the slide sound is to hold the slide parallel to your index finger while the remaining fingers rest on the strings, left of the slide. Experiment.

```

G/D          C          C/B    Am
|-----|
|----13\12-----10--13~---|
|-----10/12~---7/9--12--14\12--7/9~---|
|-----|
|-----|
|-----|

```

```

Em          G/D          D
|-----|
|-----12---12\-----|
|--7/9~-----9/7-----12-----5/7~-----|
|-----|
|-----|
|-----|

```

```

G/D          C          C/B
Mileage has taken its toll,  painted with lines to show,
Am          Em          G/D          D
You've had your fill of asphalt, cough tremors and smoke-filled doors.
    G/D          C          C/B
You look like the habit controls you,  look like you need a rest,
Am          Em          C          D
Made it to the timber line, don't know what to expect.

```

```

Am          C          G/D          C          Em          D          C
|-----|
|-----7---7-----|
|--3/5~---5/9~---9/12---3/5---5/9---5/7---7---7---3/5---|
|-----3/5---5/9-----|
|-----|
|-----|

```

```

Am          C
God knows you don't need it,
    G          C          Em
Too early you might be the one.
    C
Find yourself somewhere else,
    D
Too early in the sun.

```

G/D	C	Am

--12-15--17\15--10/12~---12/13--13\12--13\-----12/13--13\12--13\--		
-----7/9~-----		

Em	G/D	C

-----12-----12\-----		
--7/9~-----9/12-----12-----5/7-----		

Song strains distant over the barroom drink-filled roar,
The old folk singer lays it down, not for long, no longer ignored.
Spinning tales of temptation, of gambling days lost and won,
No crimes committed here, too much habit could be the one.

God knows you don't need it,
Too early you might be the one.
Find yourself somewhere else,
Too early in the sun.

(accordion solo)

Never seen half of what you've seen, real life never quite adds up.
The road goes on when the faces don't, word of mouth never tells the truth.
Like to hear your story told with a two-step beat and rhyme,
Could be Tennessee or Texas, on and on the mad road winds.

God knows you don't need it,
Too early you might be the one.
Find yourself somewhere else,
Too early in the sun.

Enjoy. . .